

Good Morning S38

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath The Surface With AL MALE

MY colleague, Stuart Martin, stand to be duty, that does not alter fundamental facts. To all people who have been allowed to think for themselves, and not been forced to take the doctrine of dictators, the idea is just unbelievable.

Recovering sufficiently to be able to view the death-trap from which he had escaped, he heard an observer say later: "You cannot blame the Germans, they are only doing their duty."

I think that Martin is going to include this phrase in his new book, entitled, "Infamous Almost Last Words."

Well, of course they were doing their duty, but I personally am not big hearted enough to applaud the "heroism" of those who wilfully destroy private houses which obviously have no semblance of appearance to military targets. For that is the lust of the beast.

And here is another angle on this doing of duty.

Some months ago, a young Flight-Sergeant left a letter to be opened if he was unfortunate enough to be killed. This letter was addressed to his mother. Had he not been killed, of course, we would not have known its contents. Here is an extract. He says:

"If I am killed, I know it will be in the most glorious and Christian engagement to which it has pleased God to call a member of our house."

Well, now, that sounds to me a most reasonable duty for a God-fearing man, a duty which considers the sacrifice of one's own life worth while to help the alleviation of others' sufferings; not "duty," which considers it heroic to die for a cause which, so far, has done nothing but multiply the sufferings of the whole world, or at least of whole territories.

Both people are presumed to be doing what they consider is their duty. But it all boils down to the same thing again.

If a young Nazi is taught that the Fatherland is everything, that the Fuehrer is supreme and that those who do not agree are infidels, and fit only for subjection or extermination, then, of course, he is doing his "duty" in exterminating them, and is duly rewarded with the Iron Cross by a grateful Fuehrer.

But dammit! Even though the German knows the German Reich, with all its power, is beh'nd that code and dictates what is "duty," no man in his senses, no man capable of thinking, can agree that it is one's duty to exterminate another for that code alone.

After all, you or I might have been born in Czechoslovakia, and might have found ourselves members of a subject race right from our birth; but individually there is a possibility that we might even have had superior intelligence to any of the highly-organised and super-trained goose-stepping Nazis.

Don't you see that if young minds are poisoned, and millions of them poisoned, then even if they are sincere in the execution of what they under-

ACCORDING to experts, the war is making us all write smaller. The reasons are many. Shortage of paper has meant smaller sheets of notepaper; airgraphs encourage a small hand to get the maximum amount on the limited space; the innumerable official forms requiring particulars rarely leave sufficient space for a bold hand, in spite of the invariable injunction to "write clearly"; millions of men and women on active service have to use writing pads that are easily slipped into a pocket.

Whether the change will remain once war conditions have passed remains to be seen. Handwriting in Britain has undergone many changes in the course of centuries, but none of them have been the results of war.

If you wish to know how our ancestors wrote before the Renaissance, look at a piece of bad German hand-

writing. When, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the rest of Europe turned slowly to the new or "Italian" hand, Germany decided to remain in the Dark Ages. The old style was called "Secretary," and it was this, to us, almost undecipherable hand that Shakespeare used to write his masterpieces, although the only specimens we have today are six signatures and a few words.

The new style of handwriting originated in Italy as part of the movement to simplify everything. The "battle" that raged is shown by the fact that Henry VIII wrote illegible secretary, but his daughter, Elizabeth, was taught the Italian style by the great schoolmaster, Roger Ascham. To-day, secretary or anything like it is

only used on a few legal documents. The elaborate "Whereas" or "This Indenture" which starts many legal documents is a relic of the old style.

British sailors and accountants travelling to all parts of the world in the 17th and 18th centuries played a great part in getting the new handwriting accepted everywhere.

It was the writing used by clerks working laboriously at their books, and ability to write a clear hand was the one test of a clerk. The tendency was all towards clarity and simplification. There was one period when, under the influence of copperplate engraving, all sorts of twirls and flourishes to letters were fashionable, but this passed.

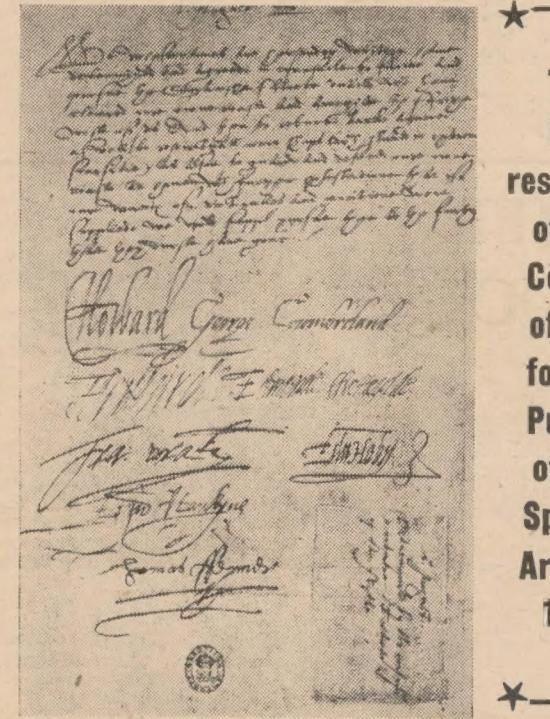
In the 19th century the desire to create a hand that did not degenerate so easily when written fast led to the teaching of script. This had the advantage that it produced few bad writers, whereas our grandfathers wrote either exceedingly well or exceedingly badly. Script was claimed to "lack character." To-day, new ways of writing are being taught, most based on scientific study

of the easiest way of moving a pen. They will produce new styles of handwriting.

The number of words that people get on a page varies enormously. It can be studied most easily in authors. An exhibition of authors' MSS. a few years ago showed Rose Macaulay averaging 50 words to a page and Mr. Alec Waugh getting 1,000 words in the same space.

Arnold Bennett probably wrote the finest hand of any author, and his beautiful MSS. are a joy to the eye. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in spite of his age, writes a perfectly steady and completely legible hand, generally getting all he needs to say on to the back of one of his famous postcards.

The worst handwriting in the world was generally credited to Horace Greeley, the American newspaper editor. It was so bad that one of his reporters used a letter from Greeley, dismissing him for gross inefficiency, as a testimonial to his abilities to years!



This
is a
resolution
of the
Council
of War
for the
Pursuit
of the
Spanish
Armada,
1588

The £.S.D OF IT HOLIDAYS

WHEN war broke out holidays were becoming one of Britain's biggest businesses. Holidays at home and very much shorter holidays have meant that at the end of the war catering for holiday-makers will employ more than a million.

Foreign tourists were spending in Britain at the rate of £30,000,000 a year. Just what this meant in terms of "trade" is shown by the fact that we were receiving only a little more for our coal exported abroad. It is believed, when normal conditions return, the trade of catering for visitors from abroad will have a turnover of £100 million a year.

Britons making holidays at home spent a far larger sum. The Holidays with Pay Act passed in 1938 affected 2,000,000 of the lowest paid workers, bringing the total taking paid holidays to 9,750,000.

If we calculated an expenditure of £20 a head we get very close to the staggering sum of £200,000,000 spent on holidays.

After the war, it is certain almost all Britain's 18,500,000

workers will get paid holidays, and the "turnover" will be gigantic.

Where did the money go? Transport and hotels probably absorbed more than half. But "extras" mount up in astonishing fashion. For instance, it was estimated that holiday-makers paid £5,000,000 a year just to sit down in the open!

In London alone there are 156,000 "tuppeny" chairs. We spent £1,000,000 on bathing costumes, and a vast sum on tents and boxes in which to change.

One scenic railway, or similar amusement, might cost £30,000 to erect, but will take £6,000 in a single August. We paid to bathe in pools instead of the sea.

At the most popular resorts a pool will take £1,000 in August. And we got rid of a lot of money in pennies. It is estimated 250 tons of coppers went into slot machines of various kinds, or were rolled on to the elusive squares!

The seaside resorts spent lavishly to attract holiday-makers; 7,000,000 visitors went to Blackpool in a single year. Blackpool spent £12,000,000 between the wars to improve its amenities, and still kept the rates down to 7s. 6d., because holiday-makers contributed £2,000,000 to municipal enterprises.

Every year £2,000,000 was being spent improving about 800 minor and major resorts.

Incidentally, they had 20,000 registered hotels. It looks as if they are going to be full when 18,000,000 want to go on holiday.

Earl is getting Sea- minded already L.S. Charles Parry

TUCKED away in the green staying at her grannie's home deeps of Cheshire, in a sleepy little town called Winsford, there lives a little fair-haired boy in whom the love of adventure has been born already.

He isn't two yet, but even his first name, Earl, has around it the atmosphere of clanking steel in the dark corridors of history.

For Leading Stoker Charles Parry there is no need to say that the 19-month-old child of whom we speak is his son and heir.

But what you DO want, Stoker Parry, is the reason why we, perfect strangers to your family circle, make wild, romantic guesses about the future of young Earl Parry.

When we called at your home in 122 Station Road, Winsford, we found him standing before a basin of water, with your young wife, Mrs. Hilda Parry, trying to prevent too much water spilling on the floor.

That would seem a common, everyday scene enough.

But the boy whose name seems to shake up the dust of history wasn't splashing aimlessly in the water.

You see, ever since you sent home that photograph of the submarine's crew he has been not only saying, in his tiny voice, "Daddy on a boat." He has also insisted that he sails his own toy boats in the largest basin of water available.

Ever since he has been 14 months old, says your wife, his childhood passion has been a game which is the song of the sea.

His sister, your daughter, Patricia, plays games more suitable to the dignity of her five whole years. But she was



S-H-H! YOU ARE OBSERVED!

Warns Mark Priestley

THROUGHOUT Britain to-day thousands of voluntary observers are watching the plain man as if he were a specimen under the microscope.

By word and gesture, saying and deed, all the time you're ashore you are unconsciously giving yourself away, revealing your will to victory, your patience, maybe qualities you don't know you possess.

The men and women who watch you are discovering and reporting on how the men and women of this land face each successive phase of the war. Through their eyes, ears and written commentaries, historians of the future will know how we behaved to-day. They are Mass Observers.

A few years ago a young anthropologist and explorer, Tom Harrisson, was making a study of jungle tribesmen when he discovered that so-called savages were in many ways similar to his own friends, and he decided that he would do far more good by studying the ordinary person at home.

J.S. NEWCOMBE
tells another
True Ghost
Story to-day

Within a few months 50 volunteer observers were helping him.

They wanted to discover why people behave as they do; why people turn on the radio, for instance, just as they sit down to dinner, or why people will queue up for the pictures on a Saturday when they could as easily go without waiting on a weekday.

Newspapers and journalists were busy chronicling history, but not the behaviour of ordinary people in ordinary circumstances or in times of crisis.

Harrison faced an uncharted world of unexplained actions and habits. To-day the movement he founded—Mass Observation—is a household word.

Its reports on you are translated into innumerable languages. They appear in bulky volumes and weekly parts. They have formed a factual background for films and broadcasts. They are talked about from Alaska to the Antipodes.

Often the observers have observation turned on themselves. They are set an unexpected question, for instance, and have to answer it with complete honesty.

From the first Mass Observa-

tion corrected misconceptions like to say "No." Many were shown to be moral cowards, with a tendency to do the "done thing," even if grudgingly.

In peace-time, for example, there was supposed to be nothing more boring than a wet British Sunday. Hundreds of

observers were asked to state how they spent such a day.

Do you know how many people go to church on Sunday, how many listen to the radio, and how many do not have a heavy dinner? The answer

proved to be 15 per cent., 50 per cent., and 8 per cent.

The majority of people, it turned out, wore their ordinary weekday clothes. Few played games. The majority spent the day pottering—at the time of the report—and were content and happy with it.

When all the housewives of Britain were supposed to be contributing aluminium to the Spitfire scrap-heaps, the Mass Observers discovered that in a "good" borough, like Chelsea, only one person in four gave up her saucepans. In a "bad" borough the response was no more than one in thirty.

Not every person who surrendered aluminium proved to be patriotic. It became clear that many contributors produced aluminium articles to collectors because they did not on for ever.

SUNDAY FARE

How's your memory? Take thirty seconds' look at this photo and name the articles. There are two dozen.



Solution to Picture Quiz in S37:
Eggs in Egg Rack.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

STRANGE FRIENDS OF THE WOODS

THE shadowy, ivy-clad ruins daughter, fought one another of Berry Pomeroy Castle, for the buried gold. Finally, in South Devon, are enclosed during one of these scraps, the by a deep wood, which superstition says is the haunt of a hundred evil spirits.

For nine centuries this ghosthood has added to its numbers.

History tells of feudal lords who met violent deaths, of murder and incest, of unspeakable crimes against young children of the Pomeroy family.

God-fearing men shun the woods of Berry Pomeroy when night has fallen.

William the Conqueror gave the manor to Ralph de Pomeroy in recognition of his valiant fighting at the Battle of Hastings. Ralph built the castle, and under its floors hid a wealth of Norman gold.

From the beginning tragedy beset the castle.

A Pomeroy murdered his sister and her betrothed, because the lover was from a hated family.

Father and son, mother and

—BERRY POMEROY HAS A "HAUNTED WOOD"

at the long delay, when the door opened, and a woman, somewhat richly attired, came in. Supposing her to be one of the family, he advanced to meet her.

She took not the slightest notice of him, however, but crossed the room and hurried up the stairs.

The doctor wondered at her extreme agitation; for she kept wringing her hands and hunching her shoulders, as though tortured by evil thoughts.

On the top stair she paused. Her features, lit by the window, were youthful and shapely, but the expression was one of mingled vice and despair.

Dr. Farquhar afterwards described her as a woman living in a private hell.

He was called to the bedside of the patient, and found her so ill he had neither the opportunity nor wish then to ask questions about the strange woman.

But the next morning, his patient having improved, he told the husband what he had seen and pressed for an explanation.

"The figure you saw," said the steward, "is supposed to be the daughter of a former baron of Berry Pomeroy, who bore a child to her own father.

"In that chamber above us the child of that incestuous union was strangled by its guilty mother.

"Whenever death is about to visit the inmates of the castle she is seen wending her way, with the frenzied gestures you describe, to the scene of her crime.

"The day my son was drowned she was observed. And now my wife!"

The doctor assured him that his wife was out of danger.

"I have lived in and near the castle for thirty years," came the desponding reply, "and never knew the omen fail."

The sick woman died at noon.

Some years later, when Sir Walter Farquhar was at the zenith of his career, a young lady called on him. She wanted advice about her sister, whom she described as "sinking, overcome, and heart-broken by a supernatural appearance."

This was her tale:

While residing at Torquay the previous summer, she and

her brother and sister had driven over to see the remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle.

The steward was ill at the time, and there was some difficulty in getting the keys.

She and her brother went in search of them, leaving their sister alone for a few minutes in a large room on the ground floor. On their return they found the sister in a state near to collapse.

She declared that the

spectre of a woman in indescribable distress entered the room, passed her, and disappeared up the corner stairs.

Its features and gestures had made a terrible impression upon her.

"I am well aware of what you will say," concluded the young lady, "that nothing can possibly be more preposterous."

"You say the steward was ill?" asked the doctor.

"He died before we left the castle."

"Madam," said Sir Walter

gravely, "I will make a point

of seeing your sister imme-

dately. But what she saw was

no delusion."

There is no longer trace of

the room and oaken stairs

where the ghost walked.

Incest and infanticide

found an abiding place with

the wicked ghosthood which

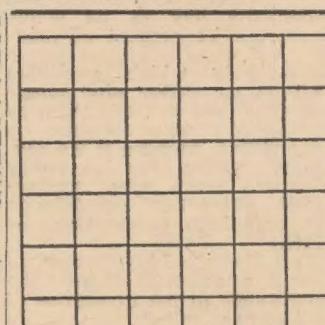
haunts the deep wood enclos-

ing Berry Pomeroy Castle.

OUR PHOTO-MAN, TOMMY

THIS. SEE IF YOU

GRANT, SANK US ALL ON
CAN LICK TOMMY.



Can you place twelve dots on this square so that no three shall be in a straight line, horizontally, vertically, or diagonally? No square must contain more than one dot.

Solution in S39.

Solution to Puzzle in S37.

MICHIGAN
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
COLORADO
NEBRASKA
VIRGINIA
OKLAHOMA
ILLINOIS

long afterwards, the keeper was again passing through the larch plantation. It was the day after the shooting party had been out, and no sooner had he entered the plantation when a Jackdaw came fluttering around his feet.

It was "Jack," and he seemed wildly excited about something, flying a few paces ahead, and then coming back to flutter around, calling "Jack, Jack."

The keeper followed, and presently came across the old cock-pheasant, a victim of "yesterday's shoot." He picked up the bird and took it home, the jackdaw following at a respectful distance.

"Jack" now hangs around the keeper's lodge, and though he has renewed his friendship with the inmates, and chatters away to anyone who calls "Jack," at times he sits all huddled up on the garden fence with his head sunk between his shoulders.

It may be that he is thinking about a friend who helped him in adversity—and whose help he can't now repay.

**Good
Morning**

*All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.*

**RIGHT UP
YOUR
STREET**

England's Free Traders

